



The Escape of STEPHENS,

THE FENIAN CHIEF. New version of Shan Van Vocht.

The only exciting topic, in the streets of Dublin, is a new version of Shan Van Vocht, which is sung, with desperate precautions, by the ballad-singers now, as the ballad-singing, in Dublin, is something like flat burglary, and next to house breaking. Perhaps it will be as well to give the following bit of so called treason-felony in music.

Perhaps you'd like to know,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Which way did Stephens go,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
When from Richmondsnug, and tight,
He walked off out of sight,
And never said Good night,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
They thought it very hard,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
That he'd only leave his card,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
At Mr. Lawson's gate,
Who'd much rather he should wait
And see him in full state,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The Queen had kindly fixed,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
For a party nicely mixed,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
To give him honor due,
Through her judges staunch and true,
And policemen all in blue,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
When Marquis found him "out"
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
His warders tall and stout,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
He routed from their rest,
And says he: May I be blest,
The bird's not in his nest!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Lord Woodhouse went to spend,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Some bright days with a friend,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;

'Twas there he heard the news;
Says he: You will excuse,
But I must homeward cruise,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
When he reached the Castle-steps,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
He scaled them with three leaps,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Most loudly he did roar:
Would he never see him more..
And I am afraid he swore..
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
His Council kindly tried,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Could he be pacified,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Said they'd give To any man
A thousand spic and span
For Catch-im-if-you-can,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
You may catch old birds with chaff,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
You may coax a cōw to laugh,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
You may teach a pig to sing,
To dance a Heiland fling,
Or whistle any thing,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
You may wash a Nigger white,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Set Wig and Tory right,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
But one thing you'll not do,
That is: get from "Parley voo"
The bird that thither flew,
For the Shan Van Vocht.

